Willel's Collein.

by Pete Minwegen

Well, kiddies, as all roads must come to an end, so today we're presenting the last issue of TECHNOLOGY NEWS for this semester. Yes sir, today is the last What's Cookin' column of the semester. and to top it off right I'll dedicate today's roundup of fun to the seniors. So here's wishing each and every senior the best of luck in the future, and here's hoping that the fine crop of engineers that are being turned out here at the Illinois Institute of Technology will help in bringing us quick Victory.

Attention seniors! If you will recall the last issue of 'What's Cooking' you will remember the article on Oh Henry's Ballroom in Willow Springs, Illinois. I have secured a number of special reduced rate tickets to Oh Henry's and am now ready to dispose of them to any senior interested. Here's your chance for some real swell fun at reduced rates. Why not pick up your ticket and drop out there some evening to do some dancing to the unbeatable music of Barron Elliot and his Stardusters? As mentioned in the Steamshovel last week, Barron Elliot has a beautiful songstress singing with the band. So if you would like to see what your Sooper Snooper has dug up, here's a chance—and at reduced rates! Remember, any senior interested in obtaining a special cut-rate ticket to On Henry's, should contact your's truly immediately. There is a limited supply, so first come, first served.

Movies of the Week:

Palace theater—THE SPOILERS. . Flere's a picture billed to be one of the top-flight pictures of the year. It's one tight after the other (and they are not treshmen or sophomores, either), and it's really worth seeing. Siars are: Randolph Scott, John Wayne, Mariene Dietrich, Margaret Lindsay, Harry Carey, and many others. Along with this great picture is featured in a twin bil-WHAT'S COOKIN'-No. Being a column namesake picture. I think I'll plug it along. The Andrews sisters take care of the session of jive 'n comedy, along with Jane Frazee, young and pretty Gloria Jean, Leo Carrillo, Charles Builerworth, and Billie Burke. Woody Herman and his blues orchestra take care of the musical scenes.

"WOMAN OF THE YEAR"—Here's a screen play in which the great film stars Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn and Fay Bainter produce a sensation.

For the horror, mystery and war-type pictures I suggest the following:

"AMONG THE LIVING"—Albert Dekker and Susan Hayward. Here is the best psychological, homicidal horror picture of the week. It's another twin picture; one of the brothers is a maniac, while the other is sane. Under these conditions an interesting picture envolves.

"THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROCET"-Another picture in which one corpse after another falls out of Fibber McGee's closet-(The above statement was just a comment. Fibber does not appear in this picture.) Madam Maria Ouspenskaya carries honors in this film.

"DRUMS OF THE CONGO"—Stuart Erwin takes the part of Jungle Jack and has to put up with Peggy Moran . . . poor guyl The entire action of the picture takes place in a jungle, and all throughout the picture the actors wonder "What's cooking?" Is it one of their friends being burned at the stake . . . or isn't it? (As Tizzie Lish would say it, "Or is it Tissie Lish?" Last but not least on the bill of fare is "THE FLEET'S IN"—Dorothy (Sarong) La-

SLIPSTICK

(continued from page 10)

"Do you know what one little toe said to the other little toe?"

"No, what?"

"Don't look now, but I think we are being followed by a couple of heels."

Brightly shining are her iiii Manners sweet with gentle eeec Soul so pure and wondrous yyyy Busy as the bumble bbbb I recognize these urging agag Her in my arms once more to cccc And lips again divine to uuuu And breath in rapture; Holy gggg \\T

Speaker (desirous of raising money): "All who will give \$10, stand up." (Aside to the orchestra leader) "Play the Star Spangled Banner."

that you'll never get anywhere by drinking?" Stewed: "Ain't it the truth? I started home from this corner five times already."

Then there was a buck private who thought that a mushroom was a breakfast nook.

He (while tossing stones into the water): "I am only a little pebble in your life."

She: "Well, you ought to be a little boul-

Judge: "Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?"

Officer: "No doubt."

Judge: "Why are you so certain?"

Officer: "Well, I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth street, then look up at the clock on a bank, and shout, 'Gosh, I've lost fourteen pounds'!''

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Joe: "If 154 was the most you ever weighed, what was the least?" Kerr: '71/8.''

> V W.

Fond Mother: "Yes, Genevieve is taking French and algebra lessons from a private sorry to say I didn't produce this picture. tutor. Say "good morning" to Mrs. Jones sobered up enough to drag their weary in algebra, darling."

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Child: "Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?"

Grandpa: "Why, yes, I did."

Child: "Then who shoveled it off?"

Well gang, may good health, wealth, and happiness always be at your sides.

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mour, William Holden, with Jimmy Dorsey and band on the swing-it side. Another sparkling navy picture.

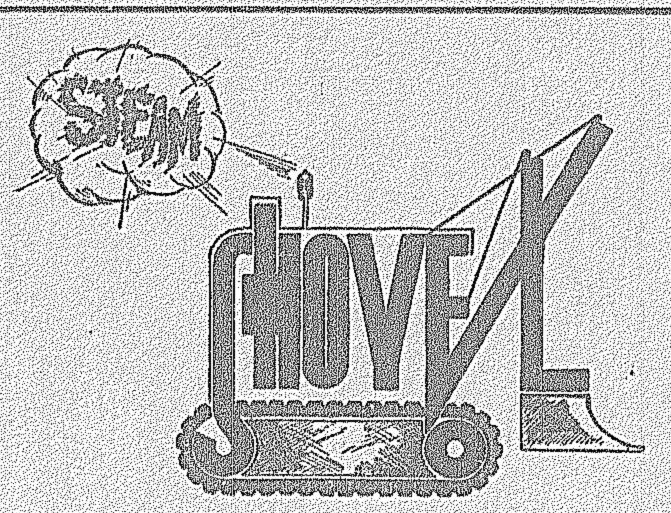
For dancing on the northside, why not try the MARINE DINING ROOM at the EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL? HENRY KING and orchestra attend to the musical strains. Flash! For summer enjoyment the Edgewater Beach hotel offers the everbeauiful "BEACHWALK." This year JAN GARBER and his orchestra will have the pleasure of opening the "BEACHWALK" on the night of JUNE THE NUNTEL. So mark it down now as a reminder.

EDDY DUCHIN and his magical piano fingers of radio, continue on at the EMPIRE ROOM.

"MACBETH" playing at the ERLANGER theater has aroused the interest of many Chicago stage-ply fans. Why not join the group and take it in?

Just remember, another week and a-half and we'll be able to shout along with Koye Kyser, "THE EXAMS ARE CVER!" And so until the TECFINOLOGY NEWS resumes the presses. I say to all seniors, and all other students, "SQ LONG!

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At long last the day has come—tonight we sit down to write our last colyume for ye olde ragge. There have been times when we thought that this day would never come-that was in the dark old days of calc and physics—and there were times when we wished this day had come and gone, when some irale reader was looking for us with a bindgeon to settle accounts for "that" gory story. But it's been fun, and we're gonna miss those Friday nights in the NEWS office and it'll Reformer: "Young man, don't you realize take us some time to adust ourselves to the status of not being on the "hunted" list. But now, off to the races!

> The IITAFA (Illinois Tech Anti-Freeze association), made its last expedition into the wilds of Michigan last week-end. This hardy group of pioneers composed of "Beerhound" Koos, "Red Nose" Walker, "Bourbon and Water" Ely, and "Rotgut" Mankus, all graduating seniors, acquired themselves quite a reputation in the field of liquid consumption here in old Chi, and so they made it an annual practice to adjourn to Michigan for a week-end and match capacities with the "furriners." Reports indicate that this last venture surpassed by far any of the previous escapades. As a matter of fact, we have it on good authority, that the boys simply outdid themselves—all of them passed out several times daily. Highlights of the few sober moments were the following: Brother Ely dated two married women, while "Romeo" Mankus was making love to a 13-year-old beauty! Walker spent a pleasant afternoon beating off what he claims were Nazi warplanes with his trusty cane. Anyhow, the boys finally

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD! Johnny Buildis is in a jam! In traditional Butkus fashion he shot a curvacious brunete the old hooey about "you and me," and alas, she took him at his word. Now the little lady, Frances by name, has politely informed Johnny that he's taking her with him when he leaves for Pilisburgh to take over his first engineering job!!! Let's see you engineer yourself out of that one, John boy!

carcasses back to 33rd and the tracks,

and shove their noses into some books

so that the professors wouldn't notice

the striking similarity in color-

Our old friend, Jorma Leskinen, famous for going steady with gals who throw him over for someone else, has hit some more hard luck. Just last week he was awarded his amateur radio operator's license, but with the same breath was told that he can't do any broadcasting for the duration! That's okay, at least he can shout from the top of the Student Union, "Today I am a ham!"

Those advocates of the social life, Ben Epson and Dick Huber, after touring the circus with their dates, decided to fortify their spirits for the evening with something a little bit stronger than fizz water. After counting the pesos. Ben Epson, who was standing the costs, decided he would have enough to get to ye olde educationale institutione after the splutge. When the bill came, he had to borrow money from his date to square the account, and

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Hello Folks!

I am very enthusiastic about army camp life. We lie around in bed every morning until 5 a.m. This, of course, gives us plenty of time to get washed, shaved, dressed, make our bunks, etc. by 5:10 a.m. At 5:15 we stand outside and shiver until someone blows the bugle. After we are reasonably chilled, we grope our way through the darkness to the mess hall. Here we have plenty of breakfast, consisting of an unidentified liquid in a choice of white or rye crusts.

After gorging ourselves with this delicious repast, we waddle back to the barracks. We have nothing to do until 7:30; hence, we just sit around and scrub toilets, mop floors, wash windows, and pick up all the cigarette butts and match sticks within a radius of 150 feet of our barracks.

Soon the sergeant comes in and says, "Come on out in the sun, kids." So we go out and bask in the wonderful sunshine. Of course, we stand in eight inches of mud. To limber up, we do a few simple calisthenics, like touching your toes with both feet off the ground, and grabbing yourself by the hair and holding yourself out at arm's length.

At 8 a.m., we put on a light pack and start walking to the mountains. The light pack is not to be confused with the heavy pack. The light pack includes a gun, bayonet, canteen, mess kit, coat, cartridge belt, first-aid kit, pup tent, stakes, tent pole, rope, three blankets, and a few odds and ends. The heavy pack has two extra blankets in it. Carrying my pack, I way 237 pounds, (I weighed 145 pounds when I left), so you can see how nice and agreeable it is to romp and play in the mountains.

An observation car follows as we climb the mountains, to pick up the fellows who faint. The boys who fall out in the mountain-climbing are treated very well. They give them six months in the guardhouse and call them "Slackers." At 12 midnight, those who can, limp to the infirmary. At the infirmary the patients are divided into two classes: (1) Those who have athletes' feet, and (2) those who have colds. If you have a cold, you get your feet swabbed with todine. (I have piles, but I know when to keep my mouth shut.) If you have neither a cold nor athlete's foot, you are sent to the guardhouse for impersonaling an officer. I am very popular at the infirmary.

Well, that's all, folks. I've got to run to the mess hall. We're having hominy tonight. Oh, boy!

needless to say, didn't show up of school on Monday.

Reported a close second behind those 'Sea Wolves' lurking at Oak street beach, was Rog Long. Using nautical terms, he was found in close conjunction with his fair companion upon one of the pilings found along said beach. The tranguility of the scene was disturbed by an Army air raid. Shall we say that his anti-aircraft defenses are vulnerable?

The dream-girl of the sophomore class, strawberry-blonde Marge King, seems to be quite some girl. After dating Huguelet, McCornack, and others, who should we find her patting on the cheek at the Sweater Dance but Cliff Oliver. He has a strong personality, no doubt.